

Master Chief: The Half Soldier

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Summary: After the death of Cortana, John revisits old wounds and realizes that he is only half a soldier. Set right after the events of Halo 4. One-shot.

Master Chief: The Half Soldier

****Hey guys! This is just something that I whipped up for you to hold you off until I get back from Ontario, which I leave to tomorrow. Enjoy!****

"_No...no...Cortana! Cortana!_"_

In the life of John, only three people got through the Master Chiefs defences and became the only things that 117 truly cared about _personally. _In a whole, John cared about the UNSC, Earth, and the colonies that inhabited the Milky Way; hell, even the Covenant made that list. Although it was pretty far down the list.

Master Chief would protect them with his life if needed.

But on a personal level, those three people is...was...the only people that he would call his friends.

The Master Chief; the hero of the UNSC, of Earth, and many other colonies, sat on a bench in his given room.

The medallion that was given to him thanks to his recent feat of defeating the powerful Didact meant nothing to him. It now lay disposed on the floor.

His victory against the leader of the Prometheans came at a high price. Too high. The death of his companion and his personal friend, Cortana.

Many would argue that an AI could not die, but rather fall victim to

rampancy; such as Cortana did.

The Chief never saw her as an 'it', but as a 'her'. Machines don't die. People die, and Cortana was under the 'alive' list, well, at least in 117's opinion.

John, who was vacant from his SPARTAN armour, clutched three dogt ags to the point that it would leave marks unto his hand.

Opening his palm, he set his gaze unto the first metal tag;
087.

Kelly...

She was the second to be accepted into his life.

He moved his sight to the second tag; 034.

Sam...

The first to be accepted, and one that many would consider his best friend.

Those two deaths had stung him, but the wounds healed over time.

The last of the dog tags wasn't one that belonged to a warrior, but to some_one_ that stayed by his side as much as she could. And the times that she wasn't, he went after her. Even going through the flood cave that could only be described as hell to save Cortana, he never gave a second thought. The only thought was that he needed to save her, because without her, he would have been dead a long time ago. There was no denying that.

However, John could not save her this time. He ran through different scenarios, trying to find one that would save the AI from...

From who? The Didact? No, he could have been killed a lot earlier if it weren't for the rampancy. So...the only thing that led to her demise was...

Herself.

There it was, in black and white.

The Master Chief failed at saving Cortana from Cortana.

Master Chief failed. Such a thing was unheard of to a civilian. But, then again, they were always told that Spartans never die.

Hell, even from the Spartan IV's point of view that was true.

In realty, John has failed. He failed to save Sam and Kelly.

Cortana's death reopened old wounds that were left with the death of his allies. Wounds that were never supposed to open. Wounds that Spartans were trained to leave closed. But they opened.

Grief that was held in finally broke free, and with that, 117 realized something.

He was alone. He had no close allies nor friends. But, to some, was considered a good thing in his line of work. He had no one to worry about.

But still...

The Chief got up and snapped the three dog tags to a chain that had held two of the three tags for a long time.

A third one joined their ranks.

Snapping the chain around his neck, where it belonged, he stepped out of the door, but couldn't leave his feelings behind.

If he couldn't abandon them, he would have to hide them because he was, well, the Master Chief.

He was the soldier they needed him to be.

But no one knew that there were _two _soldiers that made one.

John was the bulk, Cortana was the brain. Cortana made up the other half, and with John, they were one super soldier.

117 was forced to let go, and became only half the soldier they needed him to be.

End
file.